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The Tragedie of  
**H A M L E T**  
Prince of Denmarke.

*Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.*

Bar. **VV** Hese there?  
Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand and vnfold your selfe.  
Bar. Long liue the King.  
Fran. Barnardo.  
Bar. Hec.  
Fran. Your come most carefully vpon your houre.  
Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.  
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.  
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?  
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.  
Bar. Well, good night:  
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,  
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.  
*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*  
Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?  
Hora. Friends to this ground.  
Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane,  
Fran. Giue you good night.  
Mar. O, farewell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?  
Fran. Bernardo hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*  
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